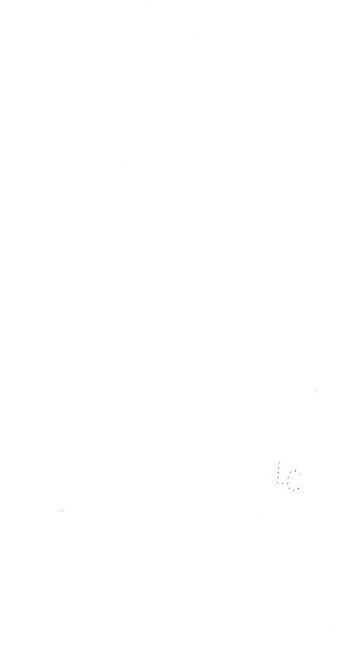


The Gilding Star And Other Poems

Stephen Chalmers



ADIRONDACK EDITION



CARANAC LAKE NEWS FRINE Cover legen to Harvey W. Lord (Cap. April 1215 b) Stephen Cool mers



Che Gilding-Star And Other Poems

Stephen Chalmers

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TO ONE

I pon whose brow there is a gentle grace.

And in her bair a crown few queens have worn;

For she has suffered with a quiet face,

And for the rose's sake revered the thorn.



IDEALS

Children, O my children!
When the ship comes home,
I will deck you to my pleasurs.
With my riches and my leisure,
And then and forever
We will roam.

Children, O my children!
When the ship comes home.
And no longer we are sighing
O'er this weary ever-trying
'Gainst the sea and the breakers
Stinging foam.

Then, children, O my children!
Though the tide sets strong.
Though our eyes are growing heavy
And the time seems long.
We'll forget our yester-sorrow
In our planning for the morrow,
And cheer us in our waiting
With a song!

NOTE

Some of these verses were writted and some on top of a New York of the open of the one the long streif by the I bits. What of them blossome is that frighted the which grows to the Santheast corner. Of The North York Times, other are leaves to systematic in a North A. He was first printed in a North A. He was paper which now one strength this four to meet an appropriate bound. If here and there they was be alternative pessimism and the isn of one bandleapped by conflicts, they may yet meet similar stacks in a horse of the U.H. of fellow feeling in the tork hours of the Long Pay.

-S. C.

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THE GILDING-STAR

HERE is a sea—a quiet sea,

Beyond the farthest line,

Where all my ships that went astray
Where all my dreams of yesterday.

And all the things that were to be,

Are mine!

There is a land--a quiet land,
Beyond the setting sun,
Where every task in which I failed.
And all wherein my courage quailed,
Where all the good my spirit planned,
Is done!

There is a hope—a quiet hope,
Within my heart instilled,
That if, undaunted, on I sail,
This gilding-star shall never pale,
But shine upon my labor's scope,
Full filled!

And there's a tide—a quiet tide,
Flowing toward the goal—
That sweeps by every human shore
And at its fullest ebbs no more:
And on that final swell shall ride
My soul!

ATRUTH

How could you love the Summer so?

Did you not reel beneath the yoke,

How very tiring rest would grow.

If all the pains of earth were dead,
Joy would entail its own defeat.
If death were robbed of all its dread,
Life would be robbed of all its sweet.

Thank God for everything in Life!

The big and little, sweet and sour.

Peace is the child of stirring strife,

And pain the mother of all power!

THE TOILERS

REAMS—dreams—dreams!

Of all the things that we yet may do,

But the present pain seems an endless chain. Real and true!

And some of us dream of temples,
While the roof sags overhead,
And some of the gold that a witch foretold,
While we fight for bread.

Dreams—vain dreams!

Of the things that we yet may be;

Yet the worst and best have gone to rest,

And so shall we.

And some of us dream of glory,
While the sword hangs by a thread;
Of a little fame, a remembered name
When we are—dead!

And none has returned to tell us
If dreams may alter Fate;
Yet we toil and try, bequeath and die.
The rest—can wait!

LINES TO A PILGRIM



HO goes his Way in puny Wrath, His back toward the Sun, Shall find a shadow on his Path, His own, till Day is done.

Who, turning, walks toward the Light, Shall bid that Shade depart; Shall find the Road to Mecca bright, The Sunshine on his heart!

What though the shadow follow still? Turn not thine tive nor Mind. Thou art the Master. At thy Will, It must-shall!- walk behind!

THE SINGER IN THE DITCH



HEY say all men are equal born.
But to the strong's the race.
Lo, white beneath this wayside thorn.
Behold thy brother's face!

For some are born of sturdy strain, Some of a broken reed; Yet they who, blameless, suffer pain, Have ten times greater need.

And he whom Virtue hails at length Is kin through what he hides; For every man who hath great strength A weakness hath besides.

Brother, when we two played the game. Ere my foot struck you stone. We knew each other's Christian name. Now I know not mine own.

Contemn me not that I am poor,
And let me not hate thee.
Thou art my brother as of yore.
Brother, dost thou know me?

THE ROSES*

RISCILLA sent me roses,
Roses white and red.
Brought they roses to me,
And laid them on my bed.

Her name is not Priscilla,

Nor meant for me her posies;

But let it be!

It pleases me.

So, pray you, for the time agree—

Priscilla sent me roses!

But why call her Priscilla, Whom I have never known? Ah! you would have me whisper A secret all mine own.

But once I saw her walking
And gathering such roses—
A Mayflower lass
Who, in her glass,
For sweet Priscilla well might pass,
To whom poor John proposes.

Priscilla sent me roses.

Their cheeks were pink and fair.

And o'er them, drooping gently.

Hung sweetest maiden-hair.

A certain lady sent roses to a friend. By mistake, they were delivered to one who, ill at the time, now and thus acknowledges a pardonable theft

THE ROSES

Her name is not Priscilla.

Nor meant for me her posies:
But have your will,
I'll swear so still!

And, spite of all, I'll drink my fill
Of beauty from her roses!

REBELLION

O wake at morn,
And hear the little laugh
Of the lake-wind in the trees;
To watch at dawn
The earliest sunbeam kiss
The mist-crowned, towering peaks
And glide down to the plains.

Ah, that is Life!
Not this—
To wake at morn,
And hear the swelling roar
Of Man. Beast and Machine.
Toiling in murky air
And a city's sweat!

At noon to dream
Where Nature's bowers are hid
Beneath an arch
Of twined and intersticing vines,
While on the air
Ouivers the chanting of the sighing woods,
And the songs of mating birds.

Ah, that is Life!
Not this—
At noon to pause,
And lay aside the pen for one brief hour:
Then to return, as I did yesterday,
Will do tomorrow and on all tomorrows
Oh, Fool, Machine, and Slave!

REBELLION

Again at dusk,
To watch the sun's last ray
Fade in the west;
To feel Earth's grand transition
From day to night—
That moment when the world
Pauses and knows itself!

The Angelus chimes
And echoes 'round the Earth;
Here the Muezzin's call,
There a child's lullaby,
And now a poor serf's prayer.

Earth's evensong!

To hear that is to live! Not this-

To breast the roaring surge Of thousands, pale and tired, dead in soul, Crowding with merciless haste toward home.

Home?...

Past ere the sweet of home has touched the sense!

To toil that we may sleep
That better we may toil;
To toil that we may eat,
That better we may toil.
Ay, that is Life; but still—
But still we dream!

A WISH

AD I the voice I would sing.

Had I the touch, I would play.

And all this beautiful world would ring.

A little problem in the control of the land.

With music night and day!

Had I the gift. I would write; I would paint, had I the skill, An earth so fair and full of light. That none should know its ill!

Still am I free to hear.

Still am I free to see;

And the cost of life is none too dear.

For life is good to me!

SHE

AIR as a flow'r was she; for when she smiled.

It was to me a gleam from some dappled pool, Tinting a primrose.

Fairer than night was she; for when her eyes

Arose to mine, their modesty rebuked The Summer stars.

And O, as the dawn was she; for when she came

Over the heath at daybreak, envious Night. Drawing her mantle, fled, leaving a trail Of tears upon the grass.

TEMPUS FUGIT

()! the gray gossamer of the years Silvers the days,

And Time, that hoary spider of our fears.

Spins always. . .

Silent, unseen, save when we lift our eyes Up from the living page of smiles and sighs, And gaze

Where the gray gossamer of the years Fills the house corners. And remembering tears

Deepen the haze.

THE RED CROSS NURSE

AR, gray eyes that take light from the sea,

Up in the north where the dusk is long;

Quiet, gray eyes that look out beyond me-Tender and wistful, calm and strong.

Brave little smile, like a sun-ray shot

Down through the dark of a Wintry
hour:

Sad little smile—afterglow of some thought Sealed in a book with a broken flow'r!

Womanly heart that to read must this:
Self and its serfs rebuke, contemn!
Little white hands that a man might kiss.
Himself honoring more than them.

SNOW

~ ROTH on the sea.

Mist on the lea.

White on the hill,

Clear-cut and still.

Frost on the sedge.

Drifts on the ledge.

Prismatic beams where the window-pane gleams.

And silence!

Foam that flies, Flutters and dies Softly to sleep,

Or, as the winds sweep,
Whirls in mad races, and trace

Whirls in mad races, and traces its graces. With fantasy's ease on the stiff, bare trees.

In silence!

Voices so clear; Whispers so near; Shadows appear.

And go,

Out of the night.

Into the light-

Into the bright and shimmering white Of the snow.

Hurrying-grav-passing away.

In silence!

LITTLE BO-PEEP

FITTLE Bo-Peep

Has gone to sleep.

And left the world behind her:

Left mother alone

With a heart of stone,

And a three-legged sheep to remind her

That little Bo-Peep Has gone to sleep.

And left the world behind her.

To little Bo-Peep,

Who has gone to sleep,

The world was of play and laughter:

For little she knew.

As some of us do,

Of the pain and the tears that come after.

So why should we weep

For little Bo-Peep?

And mother's own grief should remind her.

That curly-haired tot

Is spared quite a lot:

And Some Day or Other she'll find her

That little Bo-Peep,

Who went to sleep,

And left the world behind her.

TRAVEL TALES

Where simple rivers seaward flow,
With blue above and green below.
Just children wander there.

There is a garden full of flow'rs, And butterflies and golden hours, Where pleasure tends the day-dream bow'rs,

Daughters of Eve walk there.

There is a path where night-flow'rs bloom, Where glow-worms chase the pressing gloom,

Where Life's the bride and Youth's the groom.

The sons of men walk there.

There is a place where skies rain tears.
Where gaunt trees rise and shadowy fears.
Where every footstep galls and sears.
Only the fool comes there.

There is a road where Autumn reigns. Where leaves are sere and strew the plains, Where Summer yields to Winter's pains. Even the wise come there.

But there's the field where daisies grow, Where simple rivers seaward flow. With blue above and green below.

Come! Let us wander there!

THE SINGER AND HIS SONG



F what avail to sing of Death? None but the dead will hear. Of what avail to sing of Life? The living lend no ear.

Of what avail to sing of Love? Only the jealous care. Of what avail to sing of Hate? Love will not turn a hair.

Of what avail to sing of Truth? Truth from old age is cold. Of what avail to sing of Faith? Do beggars scatter gold?

Of what avail to sing at all?
The nightingale replies:
"I sing to cheer a heavy heart,
And stay the light that flies!"

AFTER-THOUGHTS



ASTE life discreetly. Tempt still the mind.

Drain to the dregs, and-dregs you will find

Pry not too closely. Tender's the veil. Truth is beneath it, sneering and pale.

Mock not the simple fool's paradise. Happier he than woefully wise.

П

Who tells you Love is sped. Sighs. Who tells you Faith is fled. Lies. Who tells you Hope is dead, Diest

III

Ask the old, but not the young: Would I live again my life-All its calm and all its strife? Answer would the sagest tongue: No!

Save, perhaps, some wrong to right: But to have done otherwise. To have seen with other eves. So to change my present plight? No!

AFTER-THOUGHTS

As the traveler turns to home, Should be go that way or this? Neither can lead far amiss. "All roads lead to Rome!"

THE PLEA OF THE ABSENT



Spoke of her to me? Did a faint smile Tremble upon her lips? How did it seem to be?

Did she a moment's while. As one who sees far ships, Look past you? Did her eves Not light a little? Or the sea Of her blue vision dim as in a haze Of lingering gaze? A title of color rise, Or ebb . . . at word of me?

She spoke to you of me? What did she say? Did her tongue move in doubt, Or speak in difficulty? Or in a hurried way. Fearing a secret out? And did she speak my name. Or sudden change the theme? Her manner did seem free, Treating of This and That and Me the same? Tell me . . . how did it seem,

Then . . . when she spoke of me?

AN ADIRONDACK SUNSET



URQUOISE and gold, a crimson wave between;

A great star bosom'd in the loftier blue;

A vague mirage of dusk isles' deepening green,

With inshore waters of a ghostly hue.

A sea of frozen flame and molten ice!
As if the north's white leagues, the boreal lights,

The Orient's blaze, the color-sense of spice. Were gathered by the gods into the heights.

Or as if spirit hands, that in the dawn
Stir delicate fires from out the ash of
Night,

Swept up the leaves of Day from Heaven's lawn.

And burned a splendid Sacrifice of Light!

THE VOICE OF THE CITY

COMES a tone that sounds alone. Rising from the city to the snows: Strumming, drumming, humming like a zephyr in a lyre.

Murmuring and purring like a great unhindered fire

That has struck a mighty measure in the burning of its treasure.

Without thought of pain or pity as it glows!

Soft and slow and vast and low.

Swelling from a whisper, as the veering wind may lift

All the thunder of a torrent in some raving. rocky rift,

From a shiver of the river to a groan madly blown

To a roar!

That, dving, fills the ears with the fears and the tears

That one hears within a shell On the shore!

THETEMPLE OF THE WOODS

Their fairest where few tread?
Why do the wild birds sing
Only where echoes ring?
Careless of what men hear or see.
Careless of where or what men be.
Does God walk there?

The leaves stir, yet no breeze
Moves in the dim-lit trees.
The carpet of the glades
Trembles in gliding shades.
The birds uplift a choir of song.
The praying forest whispers long.
Does God walk there?

RESURRECTION

The edge of Winter's blade
Is turned by long, hard use.
The brown earth, fallowed rich,
Breaks through the melting snows.
The mountain stream
Chants a high anthem from a bubbling heart

The gray haired skies
Regain the smooth-browed calm
Of blue-eyed youth.
The trees, still bare,
Yet breathe maternal mystery,
And whisper to the eager-asking birds
A secret prescience. And but last night
A cricket stirred,
And shrilled its bell-like song across the
world.

Now Flora walks abroad,
Her fertile tread
Leaving a magic imprint on the mould,
And who have eyes
May see her as she passes o'er the grass.
Her breath is balm,
Her gaze compassionate warmth:
Her finger-tips drip myrrh,
And everything that senses her approach
Thrills with the joy of resurrected hope

RESURRECTION

It is the birthday of the world. Old earth, So long despairing, wakes from lethargy Renewing faith the cynic, Winter, jeered. Life is Immortal!

FAME



ELOVED of all the earth, woo'd of all men.

She smiles and frowns, favors and spurns again.

Mistress of wide-eyed nights, or visions fair:

Maid-o'-the-Mist upon the marsh of care:
Fame---so like a woman!

I send her all the fatness of my lands:
I send her all the labors of my hands:
And all my pride of youth before her lay.
She curtseys low, but then—she turns
away.

Fame-so like a woman!

I rose up with the sun and wove a chain Of bloscoms, jewel'd with the leaf-born rain

She paid no heed to me or mine, the white She smiled on one who had not sought her smile.

Fame-so like a woman!

He came. He conquered! For he met !:er eyes

With no abasement—nay, nor pleading sighs.

Defiantly, despite her frown, he stood. Strange, but she fell to loving in that mood Eame—so like a woman!

DISILLUSION



S Summer's breath each year begins to blow,

We dream again of all the sweetest things

That charmed our Youth in seeming fairer Springs,

Long years ago.

And hearts relich and blood yearns for the thrill

That never seems the same before and after.

I new strange note is in the lark's first trill,

And into sobbing changed the snow-flood's laughter.

Or are we changed? And is the coin's false ring

In visiting the scenes we loved awhile-

Where it seemed life was always at the Spring--

Only a stern reminder of the mile

That we have traveled since those happy days,

When hearts were young and drinking Summer's breath?

It must be so. Then let us go our ways, And leave Regret to full itself to Death.

LOVE AT SEA

ING low,
As the winds blow,
And the breasting petrels fly.
Waves grow,
And sails flow,
And living lights the eye.

And living lights the eye. Life is short, but the day is long, And in our hearts is the wonder-song.

Your rare, Brown-gold hair Blows across my face. Hearts leap And eyelids steep. Ah! Love has won the

Ah! Love has won the race. Life is short, but the hour is long, And in our hearts is the wonder-song.

Sun low,
And seas slow,
And idle wings unfurled.
Lights swung
And stars hung,
And a calm upon the world.
Life is short, but the night is long,
And in our hearts is the wonder-song!

THE STAR-GAZER

O sage in learning, I;
Yet in the night,
When earth is dark, save twinkling lights afar,

That mark the town asleep,

From out the blankness of forgotten self

A shadowy being steals,

And the mind reels among the swaying stars!

Then from this speck of star-dust hung athwart

The great, incomprehensible abyss--

Where th' alternate seasons move like ghosts

Between the spheres.

The far-flung being of the mind drifts on. Asking of worlds the secret of it all!

And evermore they point

On!- on through ordered chaos, where the calm,

The mighty, breathing calm,

Seems like the desert, full of whisperings:

Infinity! And then?-Infinity!

Where the mind reels among the swaying stars,

And sinks to earth and this clay-fettered shell,

Baffled and impotent!

ZERO



TIDES he like a rigid corse. Description of pallid horse. In his eyes a boreal gleam Slumbers like a frozen dream.

On his brow a jewel glows, Scintillating like the snows, Where some moon-ray, over-bold, Falls in crystals, stricken cold.

Comes he from the phantom north, Where his palace walls give forth ica - of indescent light To the clear and lip-sealed night: Where the still stars watch him ride Forth to his unwilling bride-Warmth that his own presence chills; Love that his embracing kills.

Ere that glittering hall he leaves. Out a courier rides and weaves (That we may not see him pass) Charms upon the window glass; For to see his face is death. Or to feel his icy breath; And these frozen boreal eves Can the warm blood paralyze!

ZERO

So he rides, a mist-veiled corse, Upright on a pallid horse, While the moon's rim on the hill Seems there welded stark and still; While th' ascending smoke of fires Lifts to Heav'n inverted spires. Snapping pine and whining fir Groan of senseless things astir—Shuddering rock and cracking wall. Strangling stream and choking fall—Earth inanimate's deep cry: Zero, King, is passing by!

HOME

HEREVER smoke wreaths

Heavenward curl

Cave of a hermit,

Hovel of churl,

Mansion of merchant, princely dome

Out of the dreariness.

Into its cheeriness.

Come we in weariness.

Home.

L. too, have wandered

Through the far lands.

Home there was their home:

Open their hands.

Yet though all brothers, born of the foam.

Far o'er appalling sea.

Ever enthralling me.

Blood still was calling me

Home!

Men speak of jewels
Earth hold abroad.
What can compare with
One bit of sod,
Full of the love-gold sunk in the loam?
Where lies my holy dead,
There where my mother shed
Tears o'er my sleeping head
Home!

HOME

Home, where I first knew
Day was alight,
Where I would fain be
Ere the Long Night,
That they might write this in some old tome:
This earth the womb was:
This earth the room was:
This earth the tomb was—

Home!



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